A Funeral Oration OR SERMON UPON The Most High, Most Potent Lord, Francis Henry *De Montmorancy*, Duke of *Luxembourg* and *Piney*, Peer and Marshal of *France*, Governour of *Normandy*, Knight and Commander of the King's Orders, Captain of the Guards of His Majesty's Body, And General of His Armies.

Pronounc'd at *PARIS*, in the Church of the *Profess'd House of the Company of Jesus*, the 21st. of *April*, 1695, By Father *De la RUE*, of the same Society.

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TO THE READER.

THE following Sheets contain a Funeral Harangue upon the Duke of Luxemburgh, compos'd and pronounc'd by a Jesuite. And it is a consummate Piece of Jesuitism. For it neither speaks Truth to Man, nor to God. To make his Champion of France Great, he falsifies the Story of the Greatest Heroe at this day in the World. He knew he had undertaken a Hard Task, to Praise a Man, who setting aside that he was a Soldier, had long labour'd under a very Immoral Character. No wonder then he employs all the stock of his Rhetorical Flourishes to varnish over the Conduct and Actions of his Great General, by mis-representing the more Noble Exploits of his Antagonist. We can allow him the Gingling Rhodomontado's of a Panegyrist, so long as the Event has made it evident to the World, that if Luxembourg were able to Cope with the King of England, it was more then his Master the French King was ever able to doe. Moreover, to be convinc'd of the Jesuit's Double-dealing with Man, and his Falsifying the Re-

cords of open Story, there needs no more then to read on to the Second Part of his Oration, and seeing him using the same Flourishes of Humane Oratory to God, and borrowing plausible Insinuations from Deduction, and his General's Affection to the Virgin Mary, *to lift him up into Heaven. This Piece has made a Noise in the World, and has been spread over* Europe *in the French Language (an Effect of Gallick Ostentation) and therefore it was thought requisite to expose it in* English, *that the Vanity of the Orator might be derided here, as well as in other Places.* Autoritatem nullam, nec fidem Commentitiis Rebus adjungere debet *(says* Cicero.*)*

A

A Funeral Oration UPON Francis Henry, Duke of *Luxemburgh.*

For we do not preſent our Supplications before thee for our Righteouſneſſes, but for thy great Mercies. Dan. 4. 18.

THESE are the Moans of a Prophet, in the midſt of a Captive People, remote from their Country, and panting after Liberty. What a Force was not this able to give to Prayer, by repreſenting to God the Services of *David*, of *Jacob* and *Abraham*, and by ſtriving to draw down his Compaſſion upon the Children, by the Remembrance of their Forefathers? To theſe vain Subjects of Preſumption, rather then Confidence, *Daniel* clos'd his Eyes. He found a ſurer Support in the meer Mercy of God, then in all the Vertues of Men; and without loſing any thing of that Zeal which enclin'd him to Prayer, and of that Hope which

ought to uphold Prayer, he Pray'd, he Hop'd, but ſtill his Prayers and his Hopes were grounded upon the Mercies of God.

What are we now come to doe, my Beloved, in the Preſence of the ſame God? Come we to bewail the Dead in vain, where it becomes us only to ſhed the Tears of Repentance? Come we here to vaunt their Victories, and Heroick Labours? 'Tis only to the Saints, the Vanquiſhers of Sin, that Religion permits us to pay Duties of this Nature, to Honour their Tombs, and to Extoll their Vertues in Hymns and Songs, ev'n to the Footſteps of the Throne of God; becauſe they reign with Glorious Him, in the ſame Glory. But as for Princes and Hero's, whoſe Vertues, frequently Humane, were no other, for the greateſt part, then Paſſions diſguis'd under ſpecious Names and Veils, when You are call'd to their Interments; 'tis to ſet before Your Eyes, Grandees of the World, a Moving Spectacle of that Inevitable End which you never think of. 'Tis to ſet before your Eyes that Death, which you look upon with Diſdain in the bloody and precipitated Heat and furious Motion of Combat, but which you can hardly look in the Face, when Cool and Serious, expos'd to your Reflexions in this Funeral Pomp, which forces you to Leſſons of Repentance. In ſhort; If at any time, by a Cuſtom eſtabliſh'd in the Firſt Ages of the Church, we preſume to interrupt the Holy Myſteries with an Elogy of their Actions, 'tis not with a Phariſaical Pride, that vaunted before God the Juſtice of their Works, *Not for our Righteouſneſs*: 'tis with the Modeſty of the Publican, who begg'd for Mercy only, *but for thy great Mercies*. The ſad Recitals of ſo many Exploits, that exalt the great Names and Fame of Mortals, were never made to move God's Compaſſion, but to touch the Hearts of Men. And it is with this Intention, my Beloved, that I undertake this day, the Elogy of the Moſt High and Moſt Potent Lord, *FRANCIS HENRY* of *MONTMORANCY*, PEER and MARSHAL of *FRANCE*, KNIGHT and COMMANDER of the KING's ORDERS, GOVERNOR of *NORMANDY*, CAPTAIN of the GUARDS of the KING's BODY, and GENERAL of His ARMIES.

Upon the only Pronouncing of this Name, what a Croud of Things preſent themſelves to our Minds? What Wonders, what Courage, what Reſolution, what Juſtice alſo, in the Opinion of Men!

But

But in the Sight of God, all this is nothing; *Not for our Righteousness.* 'Tis for You, my Beloved, and for all *France*, who have reap'd all the Fruit of his Great Actions, to find therein the Motives of Acknowledgment, and by consequence a Zeal to Pray for him. But in these same Actions, and in all the Events of so Turmoyl'd a Life, how many signal Traces of a particular Mercy apply'd to his Salvation! 'Tis *there* that we are to fix our Hope, and to seek the Support of our Prayers which we pour forth before God; *But for his manifold Mercies.*

Reducing my self therefore to the Intention of the Church, and the Simplicity of the Text which I have chosen, I shall only shew to all the Faithful whom Piety concerns in his Salvation, in the Two Parts of this Discourse,

I. *The* Obligations *that* France *has to Pray.*

II. *The* Reasons *that she has to Hope.*

Her *Obligations* to Pray, from what he has done for *France.* The *Reasons* she has to Hope, from what God has done for Him. But, Lord, what has he done for Thee, and for his Salvation? For this is that which makes the Personal Merit; and weighs down in the Decisive Ballance of Eternity. We shall find it included in these Two Points, which will fill our Minds with this comfortable *Idea*, That this God, who only crowns his Gifts, when he crowns our Merits; and who making the Vertues of Saints Meritorious, is pleas'd to make the Tears of Sinners also Meritorious, will have found in this Great Man whom we lament, what is sufficient to procure him that last Mercy which he bestows upon whom he pleases, and which no Man can deserve.

St. *Paul*, instructing the Faithful in their Duty toward Great Men, proposes to 'em, among other Motives of Respect, the Authority which they have receiv'd from God, to protect the Good, and suppress and punish the Wicked. *For* (says he) *they bear not the Sword in vain.* And upon this establishing the Right not only of Kings, but of all Persons advanc'd in Dignity, he requires that those Honours and Tributes should be pay'd 'em that are their due; *Tribute to whom Tribute, Honour to whom Honour is due.* But besides these Tributes settl'd by Humane Laws, the Apostle, in favour of Great Personages, imposes upon Us another far differently Precious Tribute, *Entreaties, Prayers and Petitions.*

And the Reaſon which he gives, is, Becauſe that under their Authority, *we live ſecure in Peace and Piety.*

Now, if there be any one in the Degrees inferiour to Sovereigns, to whom this Tribute is due from all among us that are True Frenchmen, and True Chriſtians, is it not to this Famous and Warlike Champion, from whom the Kingdom and the Church have receiv'd ſuch ſucceſsful Services? And to ſearch for the Foundations of his Merit in the Deſerts of his Anceſtors, is there any Deſcent, among thoſe whoſe Names and Renown we Honour, of which it may be more juſtly ſaid, in the words of St. *Paul*, *They have not borne the Sword in vain?* And how long ſince, my Lords? The Crown has not been more ancient upon the Head of our Kings, then the Nobility of the Blood of theſe Hero's. The Faith of *Jeſus Chriſt* aſcended the Throne with *Clovis*, but it enter'd into the Court with a *Montmorancy*. Whence that ſingular Title of *Firſt Chriſtian Baron*, which is Hereditary to 'em, and which equally denotes, as well their Antiquity, their Nobility, as their Deſcent. Let us leave theſe Times of Obſcurity. Are Seven hunder'd Years, I will not ſay, of Diſtinction, but of Conſtant Advancement, enough to merit our Eſteem? We no ſooner behold their Name iſſuing forth from the Darkneſs of Antiquity, but immediately we ſee it cloath'd with the Luſtre of the Higheſt Dignities, and more-eſpecially Military Employments. The Name of *Conſtable* never began to appear in the World, at leaſt in our Hiſtories, till they wore it. Ever ſince, thoſe Tranſcending Dignities have been as it were perpetuated to their Family. Seven Conſtables, Seven Marſhals, Four Admirals, Great Officers of the Crown, Governors of Provinces, Generals of Armies, almoſt without number, and at all times. Never was the Kingdom or our Religion in any Glorious or Dangerous Condition, but Providence, ſtill careful of our Affairs, has ſupply'd us out of this Noble Family moſt extraordinary Succours either of Wiſdom or Valour. Conſequently, how greatly is the Church and State oblig'd to pay with a zealous Fervency this Tribute of their Prayers to all thoſe that bear this Name, ſeeing we have prov'd, that for ſo long a time, *they have not borne the Sword in vain.*

But Oh, the Depth of God's Deſigns and Judgments! That this Grandeur, ſo Ancient, ſo ſtedfaſtly fix'd upon ſuch Solid, and ſuch Juſt Foundations, ſupported by ſo many Arms, Allianc'd

to

to all the Thrones of Chriſtendom, ſhould be now upon the Brink of being Extinguiſh'd! That the Principal Pillars of this ſo Potent Family ſhould now be Tottering! Alas! and under thoſe Fatal Strokes, the ſole Remembrance of which makes us Tremble. That their Honours and their Merits ſhould be ſo near Extinction: ſhall I ſay, their Glory with their Merits? One only Child, born in Tears, an Orphan before he came into the World, ſcarce able to make his Way into the Seats of Day-light, in the Midſt of the Ruins of his Family, is deſtin'd to re-advance the Fortune of his Houſe, and to recall to the Elder, that Honour and Grandeur which for Two hunder'd Years together the Younger have acquir'd. And this ſame Infant, ſo dear to Providence, is the Great General for whom we Pray.

Let us paſs over the Firſt Years of his Life, and the Firſt Exerciſes of his Valour. 'Twas not He alone that needed this Indulgence; 'tis due to the Misfortune of thoſe Times. He was envelop'd in 'em, leſs by his own Choice, then by the Condition of his Fortune. What Illuſtrious Exploits, which we dare not remember, and which we cannot forget.

What Uſe did he make afterwards of that lucky Habit! Shall we enumerate the Particulars of Thirty Years Labours, if I may not rather call 'em Succeſſes? Nor think, my Lords, that I go about to degrade any one of our Hero's by Compariſons, always raſh and odious. There are ſo many Ways that lead to Honour, and ſo many different Traces of Merit and Valour, that they may ſeverally ſerve for Objects of Publick Admiration, without defacing or reſembling each other. But it is enough to ſay in Praiſe of Monſieur *de Luxemburgh*, That there have been few of our Great Generals, his Contemporaries, who have prov'd more Formidable to their Enemies, better Belov'd of the Soldiers, or more Daring and Reſolute in Enterprizes. The Qualities of a Perfect Soldier, which *Solomon* paints forth in his Book of *Wiſdom*, *Terrible Kings ſhall fear me: I ſhall be able to lead a multitude, and ſtout in Battel.*

But when, to the end I may diſplay what is included in theſe Three Qualities, I have made it manifeſt, that there were few who were oppos'd by more Puiſſant Enemies, and who kept himſelf ſtill more then Superior; few that govern'd more numerous Armies, and govern'd 'em with more Eaſe; few that ſuſtain'd more doubtful and hazardous Enterprizes, and ſuſtain'd

'em

'em with more Reſolution and Undauntedneſs: what Rank will you allow him among thoſe our Generals which you moſt eſteem? Now, 'tis this Superiority, this Facility of Genius, this Reſolution and Undauntedneſs, that form the Character of Him we now lament.

'Tis no new thing for *France* to ſee all her Neighbours become her Enemies. The Novelty is this, to ſee all her Enemies united againſt her, by one and the ſame Tye; not only a Tye of Paſſions and Intereſts, but a ſtronger Tye; 'tis the Aſcendant of of one Captain over all the Members of the League. In all other Leagues this Union being wanting till now, *France* had always in the Union of her Chieftain, and the Union of her Forces, a Puiſſance eaſily ſuperiour to the Number and Efforts of her moſt Potent Enemies. But they have at length found out a Genius proper to re-unite all their Hatred againſt us. To give more Force to the Inſtrument of their Paſſions, they have helpt him to dethrone Vertue it ſelf. To make an Enemy ſufficient to find us Work, they have ſet up a Maſter over themſelves. And who is this, my Lords? The ſame, upon whom ſome look'd as the Hereditary Guardian of their Liberty; who was by others call'd in to defend their new Laws againſt the falſe Terrors of Arbitrary Power, and whom others fear'd as the Natural Enemy of their Religion: That ſame *Holland*, ſo jealous of the Freedom of her Trade: That ſame *England*, that doates ſo much upon the pretended Privileges of her Parlament: That ſame *Germany*, ſo accuſtom'd to ſhare in Sovereign Supremacy: That ſame *Auſtria*, ſo intoxicated with her Notions of Univerſal Monarchy: That ſame *Spain*, ſo zealous for the Purity of her Faith: Laſtly, That ſame *Italy*, ſo paſſionately deſirous of her Repoſe, have rooted out of their Hearts all theſe ſo Ancient and Natural Sentiments, that they might make it their Common Intereſt to advance one Prince, whoſe Grandeur can never hurt us, but by overwhelming 'em with their own Weight. A Foreigner, and Abſent, he is the Soul of their Counſels, the Head that governs 'em.

One would think that thoſe Sovereign Princes, in yielding him the Title of King, had pay'd him the Homage of their Crowns, and that *Lewis* is only now become the Object of their Jealouſie, and their Hatred, for no other Reaſon but becauſe he has taken upon himſelf alone to defend againſt 'em all the Rights of

of Royal Majesty; and he do's uphold 'em, and Triumphs in despite of all his Enemies. They are not become so potent by their Union, as by being more sensible before him of their real Weakness. Their Efforts have nothing diminish'd of the Grandeur of his Empire, nor of that of his Soul. More wise and prudent then ever; if Heaven from time to time deprive him of the Ministers of his Designs, it leaves him still his Prudence and his Fortune. This Monarch imparts it to those whom he honours with his Choice; and that which rears up great Captains among us, is the exact observance of his Orders.

What Instrument more safe and tractable in his Hands, to uphold against so many Enemies the Honour and Prosperity of his Arms, then the Duke of *Luxemburgh*? What an Ascendant had he over that famous Prince who got the start of so many others. Accustom'd in the Dutch War to fly the Shadow only of the King, he began to turn head in the presence of *Luxemburgh*. He thought that the Cities of *Zwoll*, *Deventer*, the *Groll*, and *Coeverden*, which this General had taken, at the head of the Troops of *Munster*, had render'd him Illustrious enough to make him his chief Rival. He would therefore measure himself with him; but his Chief Master-piece was a Defeat. Nor was he more happy at *Bodengrave*, where the frozen Morasses could not protect his Army from the impetuous Ardour of the French. These two unfortunate Essays, from that time forward, fill'd the Prince with such an *Idea* of his Vanquisher, that he durst no more contend with him; but only by calling to his Succour, Treachery and Surprize. This made him so bold at the Battle of St. *Denis*, at what time the two Camps ought to have been calm and secure upon the News of the sign'd Peace. However, in that, as well as in all other Places, he found by the slaughter of his Men, that Stratagem as little avail'd as Open Force, against the Courage of a General always present with himself in Combat. In short, 'tis one of the Wonders of Providence, that whatever Precautions his noble Adversary made use of, he never engag'd in any Battel, wherein he did not find *Luxemburgh* an Obstacle to his compleat Victory. He met with him in the Right Wing at the famous Battle of *Seneff*, and rendring to the Prince of *Conde* the Fruit of his Glorious Lessons, which he had receiv'd from him in his Youth. He met him commanding the Right Wing at *Gasal*; where *France* acknowledg'd in the Brother of her King,

that

that the Princes of the Blood had no need of any Maſter to teach 'em the Art of giving or winning Battels.

Inſtructed by ſo long and ſo fatal an Experience, Durſt that ſame daring Prince ſuſtain the ſight of him before *Charleroy*, though ſurrounded with an Army of Fifty thouſand Men? Durſt he attempt the ſo much vaunted Sieges of *Maubege* and *Dinant*, in view of him for a whole Campaign together? Durſt he ſit down before any one Fortreſs? And ſhall we believe his own Teſtimony? For we ſurpriz'd his Letters, wherein imparting in writing the Condition of his Affairs to a famous General of the Emperor's Forces, he acknowledges, *That the Duke, who had always the good Luck to match him, had worſted him again at* Nerwinde.

But could he make a more ſolemn Confeſſion to all *Europe*, in reſpect of his Genius to that of *Luxemburgh*'s, then by the courſe which he took upon the Banks of the *Mehaign*? The main Buſineſs was to ſuccour *Namur*. He found himſelf oblig'd thereto by the importance of the Place, which the Confederates look'd upon as their common Bulwark; and which he ſeem'd to have made choice of for the centre of his new Dominion in the Spaniſh *Low-Countries*, by the addition of new Works to thoſe that render'd it almoſt impregnable before, and by honouring thoſe Works with his own Name. That Name, which in the opinion of the Confederates was enough to have ſecur'd *Namur* from all Attempts, ſerv'd only as a Bait for the Zeal of *Lewis the Great*, to go and revenge the Injury done Religion by the falſe Politicks of the Spaniards, in truſting the Walls and Citadels of their Cities to the Enemies of their Altars. At the very Name of the King, who was preſent in Perſon at that Siege, and to whom the Difficulty of the Enterprize was a Pledge of the Succeſs; upon the Approach of *Luxemburgh*, whom the King had order'd to advance toward the *Mehaign*, the Prince was ſoon ſenſible of the preſſing danger of the Place, and of his own Reputation. A Victory had ſav'd the Town: Nay, inſtead of a Victory, of which the paſt Events were but bad Prognoſticks, a withdrawn Battel had been ſufficient to have ſav'd his Honour. He appear'd in Battel Array on the other ſide of the River; he cover'd it with Bridges; he thought the King would have diſputed the Paſſage with him, and that after ſome Efforts the Honour of which would have been divided between both Armies, he ſhould have

carry'd

carry'd off at leaſt the Reputation of the Fight. The King being inform'd of all theſe Motions by the Duke of *Luxemburgh*, read all the Enemies Deſigns in the Receſſes of his Soul; and to ranverſe 'em, What Reſolution, think ye, did he take? He gave him all the Liberty to paſs over, and left him Ground ſufficient to embattel his Army; that he might reduce him, by that means, either to expoſe himſelf to the Hazard of a deciſive Battel, or renounce the Honour of the Paſſage, which he feign'd himſelf ſo deſirous to attempt. Then was it the firſt time that *Luxembourgh* was ſeen to recoil with his Arms in his Hands before the Prince of *Orange*; but to the Vexation of the Prince himſelf, who ſeem'd to wait for that Signal only to ſurrender up *Namur* to her Deſtiny, or rather to that of the Conqueror.

What will Poſterity ſay of this magnanimous Confidence? I find in ſacred Antiquity, an innumerable Army of Infidels, defended and ſecur'd by a Torrent, cry out, being ſtrook with Terror at the Approach of *Judas Maccabeus*, *If he comes over to us, we are undone, we cannot withſtand him.* Our General, on the other ſide, inſpir'd with a juſt Confidence in view of the Enemy, cries out, *If he comes over to us, he's Ruin'd; he cannot eſcape us.* What a Grandeur of Soul is requir'd to take ſuch Reſolutions? What a Superiority of Courage? Thus haſt thou ordain'd it, Lord of Hoſts. Few Enemies more Potent then thoſe whom thou haſt rais'd up againſt us. But what General ever render'd himſelf more formidable to ſuch a Potent Adverſary? If that famous *Maccabean*, out of a Pious Tenderneſs, equal to the Reſolution of his Heart, thought it an incumbent Duty to offer Sacrifices to God, for the Souls of his Soldiers, that fell in Battel by the Swords of their Enemies; 'tis the leaſt Duty we can pay our General, to offer up the Sacrifice of our Tears, and the immortal Victim of our Altars, to a Warriour always Victorious, and who has render'd us formidable to our moſt terrible Enemies. *Terrible Kings ſhall fear me.*

A ſecond Advantage, altogether particular to Him, is this; That he had under his Command, the greateſt Bodies of Armies, that ever *France* brought into the Field; which was an Effect of the Conjuncture of the Times. With what eaſineſs did he give all the Motion requiſite for the Succeſs of Great Deſigns to thoſe vaſt Bodies comps'd of ſo many different Parts. I ſay *Ea-*

ſineſs,

ſineſs, my Lords. I could have ſaid, Prudence and Wiſdom, had I been to paint forth one of thoſe profound Souls, whoſe Conduct is the Fruit of a painful and laborious Application, and who ſuffer the Importance of their Projects to be read in their Countenances. But to have his Deſigns always ſettl'd in good Order, to foreſee thoſe of the Enemy with a Penetration almoſt certain, to find in himſelf the Remedies always ready at Hand, upon any ſuddain Counter-Events, and to cover all this with a ſedateneſs, with an equal Temper, and to make it his continual Sport, as I may ſo ſay, Theſe are Excellencies which make us call to mind that eternal Wiſdom, of which *Solomon* thought he gave no mean *Idea*, when, to expreſs the exaltation of her Conduct, and at the ſame time, how eaſily ſhe executes all her great Deſigns, he tells us, That *ſhe makes the Government of the World her ſport*. Would it be an Injury to the Wiſdom of Men, to ſet forth, by the ſame Expreſſion, the ſedate and eaſie Activity of a Mind, ſuperiour to whatever it undertakes? Such was this great General in the Conduct of his Armies.

There was no need of gaudy Pomp, or Haughtineſs, to procure Reſpect and Reverence to his Perſon. There was no Neceſſity for him to make uſe of Rigour or Severity, for the maintaining of good Diſcipline; nor to employ Force or Authority to engage his Soldiers to undertake the moſt difficult Enterprizes. All the Qualities requiſite for Command were enclos'd in an Air of Noble and Military Popularity, which was natural to him. By that means, my Lords, he was ſo well enter'd into their Hearts, that with an obliging and familiar Word, he infus'd in a moment into theirs, the Courage and Confidence that abounded in his own Heart. So ſoon as he ſhew'd himſelf, the Dangers of Aſſault, the Difficulties of Battel, the Pains and Trouble of haſty Marches, all vaniſh'd. They knew, that whatever the Labour was, or where ever they march'd, he led 'em to Honour, and they were never deceiv'd.

Can that March be forgot, prodigious for an Army, of above Thirty Leagues in Three Days, which ſo abſolutely diſappointed all the Enemies Prudence, and crown'd all the Actions of the Duke of *Luxembourgh*? The Confederates had ſpent the Campaign in vainly blocking up our Quarters at *Vignamont*, in hopes to force us either to re-paſs the *Meuſe*, or elſe to expoſe our Flank to their Batteries, while we march'd back to *Namur*. Conſtrain'd themſelves

themſelves to give way to the Victorious Conſtancy of *Monſieur*, who by his Preſence added new weight to the Authority of the General, and new Fires to the Armies Zeal, they ſought to repair the Shame of their Retreat by ſome Signal Act toward the Sea-Coaſts. They promis'd themſelves at leaſt to ſurprize at their Pleaſure the Strongeſt of our Towns. Great Preparations; a Threatning Fleet ready to favour their Deſign; the way open, without any Obſtacle, in the midſt of their Country; Camps ready mark'd out to fly about from the Parts adjoyning to the *Meuſe*, to the Banks of the *Lis*, and *Scheld*. 'Twas for us to fly after them; and what muſt we do to get before 'em?

Nothing, but obſerve Your Countenance, and follow Your Steps, GREAT PRINCE, the Happy Son of a Victorious KING, for ever Famous, ſtill more by the Rapidity of his Conqueſts, then by their Number or their Grandeur. But what a Conſolation was it to You, in the height of Your Zeal to imitate the Rapidneſs of that Monarch, unimitable to any other but your ſelf; what a joy was it to You, to find a General at Hand ſo expert and quick to ſecond Your Deſigns! Upon the Firſt Orders given for the March, ſuch a Fervency ſeiz'd the whole Army, that they never ſcrupl'd any longer either the Length of the Leagues, the Number of Days, nor the Difficult Paſſages o're the Rivers. Every one found in his Courage, and the Hopes of coming to a Battel, wherewith to harden himſelf againſt the Cries of Drowth and Hunger. We admire thoſe brave *Iſraelites*, who preſt by Thirſt, in their March againſt *Midian*, under the Leading of *Gideon*, durſt not ſtop a Minute to draw Water, but ſtill marching forward, contented themſelves with ſucking in the Water which they took up in the Hallow of their Hands. We ſee an Army altogether forgetful of their Repoſe, and their Neceſſity, and Refuſing the Succour and Refreſhments which the Zeal of the People, and the Foreſight of the Officers had got ready upon the High Ways. They were running, ſaid they, to Victory, and wanted nothing but the Enemy. They found him at length, but Surpriz'd and Conſternated at their Diligence, and confounded to ſee the Banks of the *Scheld* all crouded with Squadrons, *Monſieur* at their Head, and *Luxemburg* next Him. They had not the Pleaſure of a Battel; but they had the Satisfaction to vanquiſh, and by

their appearance to ſtifle and diſappoint the Boldneſs, and all the Deſigns of the Enemy.

If after ſo many Demonſtrations of Conſummate Ability, and Gallantry, we refuſe this General the Applauſes that are due to Him, ſhall we not have our Enemies themſelves upbraiding us in his behalf? But he has no need of our Elogies, he has more need of our Prayers. Let us leave the Care of applauding him to Foreign Nations: As for Us, who have felt the Effects of his Happy Conduct, let us take care to diſcharge that Duty which he expects from us. Let us cry to God, Lord, this is he who went in and out before us, when we fought for thy Cauſe; *Save Him, who ſav'd all Iſrael.*

But whence the Source, my Lords, of thoſe two Wonders, his Superiority over our Enemies, and his Eaſineſs, in governing our Armies? It was at the Bottom of his Heart, from that Reſolution, from that Undauntedneſs, which produc'd that high Reputation, ſo formidable to the One, and ſo obliging to the Other: *in bello Fortis.*

It would be a diſhonour to him, to ſay, that Fear never appear'd in his Countenance. But let us ſay, that Trouble and Diſorder never ſhew'd themſelves there. He never beheld Danger, but with Contempt. He beheld at *Fleurus* the danger of Forcing the Paſſage of the *Sambre* in view of the Enemy, and of going to ſhut up himſelf to fight 'em between the River and Them. He forc'd the Paſſage, fought 'em, and vanquiſh'd. At *Leuſe*, he ſaw the Danger of meeting with Eighteen Battalions, all the Enemies Cavalry, conſiſting of Seventy two Squadrons. But he fac'd and defeated 'em. But that we may the better underſtand him, it behoves us to look into the two laſt Battels, of which the One was the Reflexion, and as it were the Image of the Other. At *Nerwinde* he repay'd the Blow, which they endeavour'd in vain to have given him at *Steenkirk*. They would have ſurpriz'd him; he was reſolv'd to ſurprize in his turn. But with what Succeſs! however with what Efforts!

Aſſail'd at *Steenkirk*, in the midſt of a Camp without defence, he kept his Ground there, as if he had been in a fortify'd Place; without any other Advantage over the Enemy, then the Reſolution of his Heart, the Confidence of his Men, and the Valour

lour of thoſe Princes, who then ſecur'd his Victory by their Example, and honour'd it with their Blood. At *Nerwinde* he was the Aggreſſor; but he aſſail'd a Camp defended by Art and Nature, ſurrounded with Batteries, and ſecur'd by Entrenchments. Call to mind, my Lords, the Butchery of that Day, wherein the Reſiſtance of the Enemy almoſt Equal to our Valour, made appear in all its Luſtre that invincible Obſtinacy which fix'd our General to the purſuit of his Deſigns, and promis'd him the Succeſs when every thing ſeem'd Deſperate. There it was, if ever, that he ſtood in need of it. For let us talk no more of thoſe eaſie Victories, thoſe General Routs, that in a Day change the Fortune of Kingdoms. Tho' we had not for our Enemies the Braveſt People in the World, yet they have been exerciſing themſelves ſo long time againſt Us, that 'twould be a wonder if they ſhould not have learnt by this to make a ſtout Defence. It ought to be for our Honour, that They who ſurmount us, bluſh not at their Defeat, and that all *Europe* gives this Teſtimony of our Nation, that they know how to triumph over Valour it ſelf. We ſaw the Proofs of it then in our Army, ſeconded by the Choice of three warlike Nations, faithful Subjects to a King, who deſerves to reign over no other then ſuch Subjects. We ſaw our Army attacking ſo many Nations in Confederacy againſt us, in the midſt of their Lines and Entrenchments, with as much Courage as if it had been in the Plain Field; a Battel chang'd into a Siege: Officers and Soldiers, not in the leaſt diſcourag'd, returning four or five times to the Aſſault; the Small and Great Shot rendred ineffectual by the downright Hacking and Hewing of the Sword: the General Preſent every where, giving Orders, and putting 'em in Execution himſelf in the midſt of the Medley, as if it had been in the midſt of his Friends: the Enemies forc'd on every ſide: happy in their Flight, that two Rivers hindred the Victors Purſuit. Then we ſaw the Truth of thoſe Expreſſions that are lookt upon as fabulous, The Field cover'd with Heaps of the Slain, Rivers chang'd into Blood, and Stopp'd in their Courſe. We ſaw renew'd in thoſe famous Fields the Deſcriptions which the Prophet *Ezekiel* makes of thoſe Bloody Defeats of the Enemies of God. *There*, ſays he, *The Princes of the North trembling, and aſham'd of their Might, and confounded in their Strength. There the Prince ſurrounded with the Sepulchers of his Souldiers*, in the Place it ſelf, where

where he expected to triumph: *All run through*, adds he in the ſame Place, *all run through and ſlain by the Sword.* Lord, one Battel more; one Year more, Lord, might have compleated the Work, and recall'd that Peace which has been ſo long Baniſh'd. And why may we not ſay, while we are ſighing o're his Tomb, what the Prophet *Eliſha* ſaid to that Warlike Prince, who had withſtood all the Efforts of *Syria*, *Smite the Earth*, ſaid he to the King. He ſmote it with his Javelin; but ſtopping too ſoon, Oh! cry'd the Prophet, full of Sorrow, *Hadſt thou ſmitten five times, thou hadſt ſmitten* Syria *till thou hadſt conſumed it.* That Generous Arm, *now Duſt and Aſhes, ſtruck the Earth four times.* The Blows of his Four Battels were heard into all the Parts of *Europe.* One Victory more, Lord, a Fifth Victory, had compleated our Conqueſt, reſtor'd Peace to the World, and rear'd up thy Religion upon the Ruins of its Enemies: *Si percuſſiſſes quinquies.* Thou haſt refus'd to hear our Prayers and our Tears: perhaps by reaſon of our Sins; perhaps, by reaſon of the Sins of this Great Warriour, who fighting at the ſame time for his Prince and his God, ſtudy'd leſs to pleaſe his God, then he apply'd himſelf to pleaſe his Prince; and minded more the Frail Laurels of a Victorious General, then the Crowns of Eternity.

But ſeeing that God has depriv'd him the Honour of putting an end to the War, and reſerv'd it for the Valour of another Arm, in that, my Lords, we muſt acknowledge the Goodneſs of God toward him, for having ſhorten'd his Victories, that he might call him off to the Care of his Conſcience, and give him Time to provide for his Salvation. But how much the greater Obligation therefore upon Us to redouble the Fervency of our Prayers for a Chriſtian, perhaps no otherwiſe a Tranſgreſſor, then for having had a greater care of our Temporal Advantages, then for the Intereſts of his Soul, and whom perhaps the Praiſes which were daily given to his Valour, might have caus'd him to forget the Duties of Chriſtian Dependance; and who perhaps had not fallen into the Frailties natural to every mortal Man, but becauſe he employ'd all his Strength and Courage in the Service of the Kingdom, which he ſhould have made uſe of to vanquiſh his Paſſions, and to keep up at Court the Honour of the Service of God againſt all wordly Reſpects. Let us Pray then, my Lords: our Prayers are owing to Him, ſince he has done ſo much for Us. But let us *Hope* withal: we may ſo, ſince God has done ſo much for Him. This is the Subject of my *Second Part.*

If

If the Life of this Great Captain, to whom we are now paying our laſt Mournful Duties, were only Illuſtrious by thoſe Particulars which I have hitherto made uſe of, to make you ſenſible of his Merit, we might be afraid, that ſo many profane Exploits and Triumphs, might be only the Reward of thoſe feeble Efforts of Vertue, which ſometimes may eſcape a Sinner, but for which Heaven has no Crowns in ſtore. I ſhould look upon him my ſelf with an Eye of Pity, as one of thoſe Conquerors whom God made uſe of to magnifie Himſelf in *Iſaiah*, to *ſubdue Nations, put Kings to flight, and break down the Walls of Cities*: and which he abandon'd afterwards to the Merits of their Works, and the Puniſhments attending their Sins, after he had rewarded their ambiguous Services with the vain Luſtre of Worldly Proſperity.

God forbid that our Charity ſhould be cool'd this day by ſuch Sentiments as theſe. Too many Reaſons raiſe our Hopes, without pretending to diſpute the Rights of God's Juſtice: ſo much Care as he has taken for the Salvation of this Sinner, ſeems to perſuade and convince us, that God has made him an Object of his Eternal Mercy. And here, my Lords, let us leave him, as a Courtier, a Warriour, and a Conqueror. All this was for the Eyes of Men: in the ſight of God he is a Sinner, diſtinguiſh'd indeed by all thoſe Titles of Honour which he bore upon Earth; but at the ſame time expos'd to all thoſe Frailties, and all thoſe Miſeries that ſeem to be faſten'd to theſe dangerous Titles. Yet in the midſt of thoſe Abuſes which he might have made of 'em, and what at length might have led him as they have done ſo many others, to a Forgetfulneſs of his God, let us admire thoſe ſingular Tenderneſſes, or rather Wonders of his Mercy beſtow'd upon him. He beſtow'd upon him two of the moſt precious Graces he could have beſtow'd upon Sinners; the Grace of Adverſity during his Life, and the Grace of Repentance at his Death. Let him then eternally ſing thoſe words of *David, Bleſſed be the Lord, becauſe he has magnify'd his wonderful mercy upon me.*

You believe it not, Grandees of the Earth; and yet you find it by Experience, at leaſt, you make others ſenſible of it, that nothing more corrupts the Heart, then a long and conſtant Proſperity; that nothing over-caſts the Mind with a thicker Darkneſs; that generally there is nothing but Adverſity that can call back a wandring Mortal to his Reaſon, to his Conſcience,

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to his Salvation, and his God. You believe it not; and this Errour is your Ruin. The Subject of Diſcourſe lay under the ſame Errour, and was ſubject to thoſe Deviations which are the uſual Conſequences of it. He trod the Paths of Ambition for fifty Years together: What a Progreſs did he make in it! But the farther we advance in that Road, the more, Good God, we go out of our Way. Nevertheleſs, thou didſt follow him ſtep by ſtep; Thou didſt wait in expectation of a happy Moment to pour down thy Mercy upon him. The happy Moment came, and thy Mercy was pour'd down. What a ſignal Kindneſs, my Lords, was this for all *France!* A Man of that Name, that Rank, cloath'd with ſo many Honours, diſtinguiſh'd by ſo many Services, to be oblig'd to Juſtifie himſelf! Upon what account? For that which cannot fall but into the Meaneſt of Souls; not only without Religion, but without Reaſon, without Fortune, without Honour. At that very moment he perceives all the Supports of Grandeur failing: Feeble Bulruſhes, nodding with ev'ry Tempeſt, and bowing under the weight of the Tempeſt. He was not aſtoniſh'd to ſee ſuch a Change of Looks and Hearts. *Solomon* ſays, *That Slander troubles the Heart of a wiſe man, and deſtroys the ſtrength of his heart.* But never did more Prudence appear in his Heart then at that time; and never did he raiſe himſelf ſo much above his own Strength, and undaunted Courage. The Sight of the Danger, and the Eaſineſs to avoid it by ſo many open ways, and offer'd to his Choice: On the other ſide, the Dread of all things neceſſary for his Juſtification, never gave him the leaſt Diſturbance. Conſidering his Innocency, he look'd upon his Liberty as nothing; he ſacrific'd it himſelf; he ran to the Priſon with the ſame ſpeed that the Guilty flie it. There he only minded the ſaving of his Innocence and his Honour; and there he met the Mercy of God that waited for him.

Yes ſurely, my Lords, 'tis ſo; and if what I have ſaid has not proceeded from the Mouth of Fame, yet has it iſſu'd from the Lips of Truth. In view of this very Church where we are now met together, which was in his way, he made a ſtop; and at that very moment, notwithſtanding the Confuſion of Thoughts which turmoil'd his Mind, he acknowledg'd the Hand of God lifted up againſt him. Far from being conſternated like the Heathen Prince at the ſight of the Celeſtial Hand-writing, which wrote his Deſtiny; but rather full of Confidence and Humility at the ſame

ſame time, he enter'd the Church, and pouring forth his Soul at the Feet of this ſame Altar, he confeſs'd, that his Sins had been the Source of his Misfortune; he ador'd the Goodneſs of God, who had made choice of that means, to draw him from the Precipice, and ſet him in the right way of Salvation. And leſs Touch'd with the Danger his Eſtate and Reputation were in, then the Peril of his Soul, he renounces (Hearken Chriſtians!) he *renounces his Juſtification before Men*, if his Juſtification were oppoſite to his Salvation. This was then the Senſe and Spirit of his Prayer. He has often explain'd his Meaning upon it, at a Time when the Confeſſion he made of it ought to be a Reproach to his Conduct. Thou, Lord, who heardeſt him, and haſt promis'd every thing to Prayer, more-eſpecially to that which is put up for Salvation; Thou who haſt afforded him this ſignal Juſtification in the Eyes of the World, which he implor'd but faintly of Thee, wouldſt Thou have refus'd him that Salvation which he ſu'd for then ſo earneſtly, in the Bitterneſs of a Soul ſincerely humbl'd?

This was not ineffectual; and if I may be permitted to apply to him, what the Scripture ſpeaks of a Juſt Man perſecuted, *Wiſdom deſcends with him into the Priſon, and forſakes him not in Bonds.* He there deteſted his Vanities; he ſearch'd into the Errors and Diſorders of his Life; he ſolemnly aton'd for 'em by the Uſe of the Sacraments: nor was he deliver'd from his Captivity, till enliven'd with more Pious Reſolutions. To corroborate him in it, God permitted, that being Juſtify'd as he was, Free and Triumphant over Envy, a Retirement of ſeveral Months ſhould ſerve as a Tryal of his Fidelity. Faithful to God all that time, he ſpent his Leiſure in the ſame Exerciſes, and continu'd the Purifying of his Heart by frequent Confeſſions. 'Twas then another Heart, form'd by Adverſity, and conſecrated by Repentance: the Work of the Grace of God. How long, think ye, ſhould any of you have held out? Anſwer, you that hear me, and ſearch for the Anſwer in your own Hearts. After ſo many Oaths which you have ſworn to God, and which you believ'd to be ſincere, what would it require to make you forget all? The ſlighteſt Occaſion preſented to your Eyes and Hearts, overturns all your Deſigns, and makes ye break all your Promiſes. What Occaſions aſſail'd at firſt this Heart ſo chang'd by Adverſity! Employments, Commands, Honours, Victories, Applauſes; all the whole Train of Proſperity. If his Heart held not out as it

ought to have done, againſt ſo many violent Aſſaults, let Us bewail our common Frailty. Condemn Him, but at the ſame time give Sentence againſt your Selves: accuſe in his behalf, as in your own, the contagious Aire of the World, but more-eſpecially the Aire of the Court where you live. Nevertheleſs, in all the Relaxations of which he might be guilty ſince, admire the ſeveral Impreſſions of Grace and Vertue which Mercy had ſtill left in his Heart; to ſhew that he was ſtill her Care, and that the Fugitive ſhould not eſcape her.

Call to Mind the Scorn and Forgetfulneſs of Injuries, which was ſignal in him, ev'n to the Complaint of his Friends; who judging of his Attention to the Services he did 'em, by his Indifferency in reference to ill Offices done him; and of his Gratitude, by his Careleſsneſs in Point of Reſentment, made that a Crime in Matter of Friendſhip, which is a Vertue, in regard to Revenge. Inſenſible, or rather Deaf to ſcandalous Reports, Railleries, and malicious Stories and Diſcourſes, you ſhould ſee him admit with a ſedate and careſſing Aire thoſe of his Inferiours, of whoſe Ingratitude he had been inform'd. He found 'em more worthy of his Pity, then his Indignation. As he was Eaſie to return his Friendſhip to thoſe who had Contemn'd him, he was no leſs Facile to return his Eſteem and good Offices to thoſe who Offended him. Who had ever more Enemies, more manifeſt Reaſons to repell Injury by Injury, more Opportunities and Means to Revenge himſelf? Upon whom did he ever revenge himſelf? At what time? and in what manner? Oh, my Lords! after what manner, with what an Aire of Moderation and Humanity did he manage ev'n the Publick Revenge! this Miniſter of War, which uſually infuſes Cruelty? While the Vanquiſh'd reveng'd with rigour the Ignominy of their Defeat upon ſuch Officers of Ours that fell into their Hands by the Chance of War, this Victor made it the Pleaſure and Honour of his Victo-

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ries, to treat his Priſoners as he had done his Friends. Did he not reſtore that Intercourſe of Civility and Generoſity which always ought to accompany Valour, and which was interrupted by the firſt Furies of the War?

Did he forget the Duties of Charity? You Praiſe the Chriſtian who is tender toward the Neceſſities of the Miſerable, who is aſſiduous to Succour the Dying, and zealous to Honour the Church. Praiſe then a General, who coming from the Field of Battel, overwhelm'd with Labour, and cover'd with Blood, takes diligent care to have the Living ſeparated from the Dead, to rally the languiſhing Remainders of thoſe Generous Victims to the Honour of the Kingdom; to haſten the Spiritual Conſolations of Conſecrated Paſtors and Miniſters, by expreſs Orders iſſu'd forth to all the Country round about. Praiſe the General, who in the Devaſtations of War, applies himſelf, as much as lies within his Power, to turn the Tempeſt from the Fields of the poor and defenceleſs People; and rather, if there be Occaſion, to let it fall upon the Poſſeſſions and Caſtles of the Wealthy, ev'n to the neglect of the Suits and Lands of moſt of his Illuſtrious Kindred, ſo that he might ſpare the Revenues and Eſtates of the Church. Commend a General, who out of a Spirit of Religion, at his own Expences repairs the Diſorders of Impiety; who makes Reſtitution out of his own Purſe, to the Altars deſpoil'd by the Rapines of the Soldier, and reſtores the Veſſels appointed to encloſe the Sacred Myſteries. Who, laſtly, out of the ſame Spirit of Piety, and with a Diligence altogether ſingular, keeps off Fire and Sword from the Churches and Places where the Saints are honour'd.

Famous Church, which renders the City of *Hall* ſo dear to all *Flanders*! Ancient Monument of the Devotion of thoſe People to the Mother of God! You muſt be alſo a Monument of that Veneration which this Warriour pay'd to the Name of the ſame Holy Virgin: and when Poſterity ſhall behold that City ſurrounded with the

Ruins of her Ramparts, and the Church exalting her Front in the midſt of ſo many Ruins, while they bewail the dire Neceſſities of the War, can they forbear to remember with joy the Piety of ſuch a General? He took the ſame Care, and for the ſame Reaſon, when he demoliſh'd *Braine-le-Compte*. He made profeſſion of a particular Veneration for the Mother of Mercy. And his Letters are to be ſeen to Perſons of the higheſt Quality, wherein he bluſhes not to declare, *That in all his Misfortunes he ſtill addreſs'd himſelf to Her, and had been ſenſible of the Effects of Her Protection.*

All theſe Actions of his are certain; and I ſhould deſire, my Lords, no other credit to be given to all theſe Actions, then what is readily giv'n to Slander and Envy, when we hear the Reputation of great Perſonages rent and torn, without any ground or proof, by the fouleſt of Lyes, can that Credit be refus'd me, in this Sacred Place, and this Illuſtrious Aſſembly, where I have the Honour to ſpeak; and upon Actions that cannot be queſtion'd by the malignity of human Wit, but only becauſe they are advantageous to the Memory of ſo great a Man?

All this while, if the Root of Divine Grace and Charity have not conferr'd a Soul and Strength, requiſite to produce the Fruit of Salvation, theſe are no more then unprofitable Leaves that will not ſave the barren Fig-Tree from the Danger of being cut down. Whatever we expatiate thereupon, would be no more then, as Saint *Paul* ſays, *the ſound of tingling Braſs, or a tinkling Cymbal.* 'Tis very true: But this feeble Sound, in the celebrated Centurion, then out of the Pale of Grace, and the true Faith, fail'd not to reach the Ears of the Almighty, who was pleas'd to repay this Sound with the Favour of Converſion. Would it be too much to preſume the ſame in Favour of a Perſon full of Faith? Would it be too much to preſume upon the Mercy of God, which was always ſo liberal to him, as to look upon the Impreſ-

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ſions of his Vertue and Piety, as Tyes, which, as weak as they were, were a Help to bring him again to God, and to draw down upon him the Grace of Repentance, which at length put an end to his Life.

Oh! what a Favour, my Lords, was this! To how many of his Equals has it been refus'd? From how many Dangers has he been lifted up by the Hand of God, that he might be reſerv'd to that favourable Minute? There have been ſeen ſeveral of the Enemy, who have ſingl'd themſelves from their Squadrons on purpoſe to give him the fatal Stroak: as it happen'd in the Medley at the Conflict of *Leuze*. He warded off the Blow; 'twas God that gave him the Addreſs and Strength. But what befel him at *Nerwinde?* He fought after the manner of the ancient Hero's of his Race, that is to ſay, in the midſt of his Children. The youngeſt, at Seventeen Years of Age, was there the Second time that ever he had been in the Field, and it was the Second Battel wherein his Courage had been try'd. The Third, forcing the Enemies Trenches at the Head of his Brigade, happen'd to receive a dangerous Wound. The Father ſtill advanc'd and driving the Recoilers to a dangerous Poſt, not regarding the Importunities of his Officers, who laid the Danger before him, the eldeſt Son, the worthy Heir of his Courage and Name, here preſent, and paying his laſt Duties to his Memory, running with a deſign to ſtop him, receiv'd the Blow that was deſign'd againſt his Father. 'Twas God that watch'd over 'em, and who meaſur'd their Paces, who by the Danger of the Son, prolong'd to the Father the Minutes of a Life profitable for his Condition, to conduct him to this Time of Salvation ſtill conceal'd in the Boſome of Providence.

What a ſhort time was this to Prepare for Salvation! A few Days of Sighs and Tears, after a long Series of Years ſpent in the Engagements and Paſſions of this World. I grant, and upon this Subject I know the Reflexions

flexions of the Holy Fathers. I grant that when they admit Sinners to Repentance at the late Hour of Death, they do not aſſure 'em of their Salvation. *I can admit Repentance, but not aſſure Salvation.* But let Charity cauſe you to diſtinguiſh upon whom this Sentence is given. Upon Sinners, whoſe Faith is without Light, and whoſe Religion is without Authority. Upon Sinners, whoſe Reaſon is beſotted, and whoſe Hearts are incapable of any ſteady Reſolution: Sinners, who by a long Abuſe of Holy Things, are become blind to all the Idea's of God: who neither then ſubmit to the laſt Duties of Religion, till after they are as it were conſtrain'd by all that Zeal, Prudence, and the reſpect of the World is capable to ſuggeſt. Sinners, whoſe Reaſon, good Senſe, Faith, Hope, Confidence, and Fear of God, muſt be ſettl'd, before you mention Sorrow and Repentance for Sin. For a Sinner, under this Character, who expects approaching Death, for him to tell us, That he believes, that he hopes, and that he loves God, *We grant him,* ſays St. *Auſtin, Repentance*; but what Aſſurance of Repentance?

The Caſe was not the ſame with our Penitent, whoſe Salvation is this Day the Subject of our Prayer. Faith, Religion, the Fear of God, a Veneration for Holy Things, Contempt of Death, Indifferency for Life, a lively and diſplay'd Reaſon, Great and Noble Sentiments: Theſe were the Diſpoſitions of his Soul to Repentance. 'Tis then upon this Occaſion, or never, that the Sentence of St. *Cyprian* ought to be of great Force: *That Repentance ne'er comes too late, provided it be true, nor is there any thing but what may be remitted, provided the Repentance be a part of the Heart.* Now in regard of our Penitent, every thing demonſtrated the viſible Marks of a ſincere and ſolid Repentance.

Uncapable of Cowardice and Baſeneſs, during the whole courſe of his Life; accuſtom'd to raiſe his Courage propor-

proportionably to the Grandeur of the Danger; upon the Approach of the Danger of his Life, which was declar'd to him by his real Friends, or rather at the Approach of the Danger of his Soul, of which he was more ſenſible then any Body, he follow'd Grace, which rais'd him above every thing, and forming to himſelf an Idea of God, according to the Attractions of that Grace, and the natural Propenſity of his Heart, he meaſur'd the Extent of his Mercy by the infinite Extent of his Grandeur. Was he deceiv'd? 'Twas the meaſure which the wiſe Man took: *According to his Greatneſs, ſuch is the greatneſs of his Mercy.* No Preſumption all this while in this Confidence. It was accompany'd with a Humility, proper for a Sinner, aſham'd of his Ingratitude, and the long Abuſe of God's Gifts. No diſſimulation in his Veneration of the Holy Myſteries. We found that all he did, when he diſpos'd himſelf to receive 'em, all he ſaid when he receiv'd 'em was the ſincere and voluntary Act of a Heart accuſtom'd, in deſpite of Mortal Paſſions, to humble it ſelf before God, to adore, invoke him, and to be ſorrowfully ſenſible of not loving him ſufficiently. No honing after the Grandeurs of the Age. With all the Vivacity, and all the preſence of Mind that was natural to him, he turns away his Eyes from that ſame glittering Fortune which he ſaw vaniſhing before him: he thought it not worthy of one ſingle Sigh. If there were any Cares of this World, or any thing of human Thoughts that remain'd behind, 'twas only to accompliſh the Duties of Juſtice. He extended his Cares to his Domeſticks; there was not one that had not a ſhare in his Remembrance according to his Merits and his Services. And who does he chooſe for the Confident of his laſt Will? That Son, always by his ſide in the Confuſion of Battel, was ſtill at hand in his late fatal Conflict, to receive and execute his Orders: Alas! not with that joy, as when he obey'd him with his Arms in his Hands. With a trem-

bling,

bling Hand, and throbbing Heart, he wrote what with a ſereneAir the dying Father dictated. And there it was that he found himſelf too unable to imitate him. All his Childern came to his Bed-ſide, lead in by a Hand which Friendſhip render'd ſtill more precious; to which we may add the Luſtre of Birth, of Merit, and high Dignities, both in the Church and Court. In the preſence of a Friend of this Importance and Reputation, he ſcrupl'd not to diſcover the tenderneſs of his Heart, and to take his Friend for a Witneſs and Depoſitary of his Thoughts. But how far does his Tenderneſs for his Children extend? To inſpire into 'em Sentiments of God above his own, Sentiments for the King equal to his own, and for themſelves Sentiments of Concord and Union worthy of themſelves. With the ſame Conſtancy, ſenſible of the Sorrows of his Friends, he is touch'd with it without the leaſt weakneſs, he diſtinguiſhes 'em all by particular Marks of Eſteem, without partiality. To thoſe alſo, whom he had no reaſon to look upon as his Friends, he made it appear, by his Examinations of himſelf, and made 'em confeſs by their Tears, that he had always deſerv'd to be ſo, and that he had always been ſo.

What Thronging! What a Concourſe to his Bed-ſide of all that was great in *France*, or at the Court! What Surprize and Aſtoniſhment at the heavy News of the preſſing Danger he was in! How was the King diſturb'd for the Loſs of ſuch a Subject, who had conquer'd and ſav'd ſo many Provinces! What Lamentations of all the great Princes who had commanded under him! that is to ſay, of thoſe who had had him for their General, the Companion of their Dangers, and their Guide to Victory. Honour'd by their Tears, he is as little troubl'd as mollify'd by 'em; nothing mov'd, he ſhews himſelf a Spectacle to the Grief of ſome, and the Pity of others. He calls to their remembrance the vanity of Grandeurs, that have no other Foundation then the Frailty of this Life.

Life. He brings into their Minds the Importance of the Journey which he is going to take before 'em, and which they muſt all prepare for, after him. Penetrated with Sorrow to ſee himſelf defective in requiſite Purity, to offer up his Soul a ſweet Savour to God, he offers it as a Victim to his Supreme Will, and believes that God will vouchſafe him Salvation, ſeeing that after ſo many Sins committed, he leaves him ſtill a lively and humble Hope. He accompanies the Sacred Ceremonies with a faithful and reverent Attention; and he is deſirous to breathe his laſt Gaſps, embracing the Croſs, in Adoration of his Maſter. Enfeebl'd at length, and feeling the Approaches of Death, he employs the laſt Efforts of his Speech, to deſire the Succour of the Holy Miniſters, and his faithful Friends, that with their Voices and their Thoughts they would uphold to the laſt the Union of his Heart with God.

In theſe Sentiments of Submiſſion of a Creature to his Maſter; of the Fear and Humility of an Offender before his Judge; of Religion and Piety of a Chriſtian before his Saviour; of the Confidence and Love of a Prodigal and Penitent Son toward his Father, he expires, he goes to appear before the Sovereign Tribunal: follow'd by his Works, 'tis true; but laden, Lord, with thy great Mercies. They would never have accompany'd him ſo many Years, they would never have been redoubl'd at laſt with ſo much ſplendour, to fail him at the laſt Moment; that very Moment to which all the Moments and Favours of this Life tend.

This is that which has hitherto upheld his Hope, and which at this day ought alſo to uphold ours in favour of him. *Not for our Righteouſneſs, but for thy great Mercies.* Let thoſe that know thee not, O God, blame our Confidence. But let thoſe that know thee, by a real Faith, by long Experiences of thy Goodneſs; thoſe who are enter'd into the Treaſuries of thy Mercy, who know, *That*

thou haſt Pity upon all Men, becauſe thou art Almighty; that thou pardon'ſt all, becauſe we are all thy Creatures; that for the gaining of their Pardon, thou only demandeſt we ſhould turn to thee with all our hearts. That thou art the good Shepherd that leaveſt the whole Flock to look after the ſtray'd Sheep, and takeſt her upon thy ſhoulders with ſo much the more Charity, as being more feeble, and more in a languiſhing and dying Condition. *Let thoſe who know thee for ſuch a God, Hope in thee, O my God.* And let 'em cry aloud with *David, Becauſe thou never forſakeſt thoſe that ſeek thee, Lord.* The Perſon for whom we implore all this Clemency, was full of theſe Sentiments. He has never ceas'd to Know Thee. If he went aſtray, thou ſoughteſt after him, by Adverſity, by Repentance. Invited by the Enquiries of thy Grace, he has ſought after thee by the Fervency of his Sighs. Lord, thou never forſakeſt thoſe who know thee, and who ſeek after thee. We know thee too well, not to depend upon thee. *Let 'em Hope in thee, that know thy Name, becauſe thou haſt not forſaken thoſe that ſeek thee, O Lord.*

Then let us not fall into the Snares of the Enemies of Repentance, as alſo of Vertue it ſelf. The World is full of Men without Faith, who not being in a Condition to pretend to the Hopes of Future Life, make it their Delight to think *ill* of thoſe that go out of This; and ſtrive (as ſays St. *Jerome*) to Comfort themſelves with their own Deſpair, by deſpairing of the Salvation of all others. *They believe it an Eaſe of their Pain, that nobody ſhould be Righteous.* But let us not afford 'em this falſe Joy; but let all the truly Faithful reunite themſelves, to uphold the merciful Strength of the Grace of God, againſt the falſe Inflexibilities and affected Zeal of Libertiniſm.

Let the Children of this Heroe, all ſo capable to uphold here below the Honour which he has left 'em, never imagin that they have not more for him. Let 'em be mindful of that Glory of happy Eternity, where Repentance

tance has a ſhare as well as Innocency; and ſtriving themſelves to attain to the moſt ſafe of theſe two ways, let 'em be convinc'd, that God opens the Other, when, to whom, and after what manner he pleaſes.

Let Him, among his Illuſtrious Children, whom Providence has made Choice of for the Service of his Church, and who was Conſecrated to it in his moſt tender Years, with ſuch happy Diſpoſitions to the moſt Noble Vertues and moſt High Dignities of that excellent Condition; Let this Son, I ſay, ſo juſtly ſenſible of the Loſs of ſuch a Father, apply himſelf ſpeedily to procure him, by his Piety, the Peace and Glory of the Elect, with as much Fervency, as his other Children by their Valour ſhall doe Honour to his Memory.

Let that Afflicted Widow, as remote from the Pomp and Corruption of the World, by Choice and Inclination, as ſhe approaches near to what the World accounts moſt Great, by the Blood of *Luxembourg* and *Clermont*, the Splendour of which ſhe has united to the Blood of *Montmorancy*, now redouble with more Confidence the Exerciſes of her Charity, which ſhe made her ſweeteſt Employment while he liv'd, for the etetnal Repoſe of her Husband.

Let that Lady, in the laſt place, ſtrong above her Sex and her Age, who gave Life to this Heroe, then the *Child of her Sorrow*, now the *Crown of her Old Age*, who ſaw him cover'd with Honour, after ſhe had ſeen him born in the midſt of the Shadow of Death, at this day ſurviving ſo many Revolutions, as a publick Witneſs of the Wonders of Providence, after Threeſcore and eight Years of Vertuous Widowhood, equal or ſuperiour to the Widow'd *Propheteſs*, conſidering the Number of her Years, and her Love for her Country, and like to her in Wiſdom and Piety, conſecrate the remainder of her Life, to bleſs the Mercies which God has exercis'd upon her Son, and to draw 'em down upon the Flouriſhing Family;

Family, of which God was pleas'd that He ſhould be the Chief.

Let Us, My Lords, excited to Pray for Him, by ſo many Motives of Hope, *work out our Salvation with Fear and Trembling*, convinc'd of this Truth ſo brightly ſhining in St. *Paul*, *That it is God who works in us both the Will and the Deed, according to his Good Will.* If God has wrought in Him this wonderful Operation, Has he wrought it for all Sinners? If this Penitent ſhew'd himſelf Faithful upon this laſt Effort of the Goodneſs of God for Him, Are all *others* therefore Faithful? If He have had a Time, Shall *you* have the ſame? If the Felicity of this End ſeems to harden ye to Sin, let the Seldomneſs of the Happineſs carry you to Repentance; to this Favourable Death of a Penitent; oppoſite to ſo many Violent, Unexpected, Untimely, and many otherwiſe Fatal Deaths. In the mean time, but for this End ſo full of Conſolation, what would become of all the Wonders of his Life? What Kindneſs would the Luſter of ſo many Victories doe him before the Tribunal of his God? Nay, What ſtead would they ſtand him in, before the Tribunal of the World, and Publick Opinion? Therefore it is by *this* End that we ought to meaſure all the Grandeur of this Man. And God (My Lords) and the World will Judge of You by your Ends. May it have been for Him, and may it be for every one of Us, the Beginning of Bleſſed Eternity.

THE END.

John Standish

2 Cor. 5th

Now then 1000 are

Ambassadors for